

BRITZ'S HEADQUARTERS

By MARCIN BARBER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

CHAPTER XVII.

A Pair of Thieves.
Two men late on that February afternoon, were hastening eagerly along converging routes to the bachelor home of Braxton Sands. One was Sands himself. The other was Lieutenant Britz of Headquarters.

Every detail in the millionaire's suite in the St. Barnabas and of his private room in the Bowling Green office was known to Britz even more minutely than to the owner. That had been among the early activities of the sleuth in connection with the case. He was able to assure himself, therefore, that no matter how much Sands might admire the Maharajah diamond, especially when it encircled the white throat of the wealthy widow, it would be nonsensical to suppose this admiration could descend to covetousness. Clearly, Britz was in some sort of blind alley.

As the two men left their offices almost to the minute, Britz, many blocks ahead of Sands, had arrived at the St. Barnabas before the millionaire. Sands' man, when the detective announced he was there for an important talk with the millionaire, admitted Britz readily to Sands' suite.

Britz, sitting in a great leather armchair in an attitude of sybaritic ease, chose a panache from his pocket case, and then, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling and his hands clasped at the back of his neck, he gave himself up to as many moments of uninterrupted thought as the non-arrival of the unconscious host would permit. He had reached a point in his meditations for an instant seemed to open a way for an explanation, for which he had come to see Sands, when a faint rustling in the adjoining room reached his acute ear.

A ribbon of subdued light between portieres of Moorish leather gave passage to his glance. He saw a shadow flitter at a far window and, in the next instant, rapidly and noiselessly, he had slid out of the armchair until he was on his knees on the rug behind the shelter of a library table piled high with books. Inch by inch, soundlessly, Britz lifted one knee until his foot rested firmly on the floor; inch by inch, still without a sound, he raised the other. When he was fairly on his feet, but in a crouching attitude, he half walked, half crawled, around the table by the longer way, until he was close to the portieres. Britz was too good a sleuth to make the mistake of looking between the portieres to get a glimpse of the inner room. It was no part of his program to see Sands' other visitor, or visitors. He felt justified in giving way to his curiosity because it might be as much to the millionaire's interests as to his own to say nothing of Mrs. Missioner's, and that of the public. In fact, the headquarters man did not waste much time in such reflections. He wanted to see and hear what was going on, and he took the readiest means of doing so. Instead of risking the danger of being seen between the parting of the portieres, he pierced with his sharp pin a tiny hole in the leather curtain behind which he stood, and applying one eye closely, he could see the whole inner room. It was the millionaire's bedroom, and he commanded everything except the angle in which was set the window where he had glimpsed the shadow. A slightly more vigorous twist or two of the pin enlarged the microscopic aperture, so that he could see even that detail of the interior. Britz admired greatly with satisfaction at what he witnessed in the next few minutes. The shadow man was still at the window, flitting to and fro, rubbing and falling. It crouched outside the window in such a way as showed Britz it was on a fire escape or a balcony of some sort. The rustling sound increased, and it was followed by a faint "cheep" like a sparrow's call. A second shadow flitted from a point above the window and melted into the outlines of the first. Then came a slightly rustling sound, and the lower sash, Britz noticed, trembled. By well-lit impressions the degrees the sash was lifted. The next instant two men noiselessly entered the room, one from the floor and the other from the window. Reaching the swift look, they tiptoed about the walls from right to left, one of them stopped at a chiffonier, the other continued his little journey of investigation until he arrived at the portieres. Then it was that Britz held his breath. He held it for seconds that seemed as tedious as hours, while the nearer of the strange visitors, separated from him only by the thickness of the leather, peered through the parting between the curtains into the library where the detective stood.

Britz had not obtained a good view of the intruder's face, for it was half hidden by a loose fold of the turban upon his head that indicated the stranger's nationality. Britz's eyes still were fixed at the hole, and by that time the stranger was out of his line of vision. Had such not been the case, it is possible that even the imperforable Britz would have moved at least to the extent of a swift reach to a side pocket in his coat. For it was about as evil a countenance as one could expect to see anywhere, save under the shadow of the gallows. In its rapacity, ferocity, blood-thirstiness and cruelty of every degree spoke loudly. If that savage face had advanced an inch or two nearer, those snaky eyes would have seen the man from Malabar who was slinking into the room behind the door of the portiere. But it did not, and, after a leisurely survey of the interior, the Oriental returned to

the other end of the inner room and rejoined his companion.

Hardly had Britz begun to let the air creep out of his lungs, and before he had indulged in the luxury of an intake of breath, when he became an interested spectator in the gentlemanly art of searching a gentleman's room. The Central office man was no novice. It is doubtful if he had even read Poe's story of "The Missing Letter," and had he done so, it is by no means certain he would have adapted the methods of the French police to metropolitan detective work. Nevertheless, he had flattered himself that he usually made a pretty thorough search for anything he wanted; but what he saw through that tiny pin hole in the leather portiere showed him that he was the very first tyro in that sort of thing. The two visitors went through the millionaire's furniture and other possessions with a minuteness that would have made a fine-tooth comb look like a garden rake. There could not have remained anything—no nook or corner, any crack or crevice, not anything larger than a bacillus which they happened to covet. If an article no bigger than a pinhead had been the object of their hunt, their unflinching scrutiny would have brought it to light. Yet so deftly had they searched that, granting them a minute's respite, they could have left the room without any traces of their activity.

Their search seemed fruitless until they arrived at a desk under a hanging incandescent lamp, at which Britz assumed Sands was in the habit of writing his more personal letters. From one of the pigeonholes, one of the intruders drew something that crackled slightly as the man stuffed it into the folds of his tunic. From a neighboring compartment of the desk, the second stranger drew another find, which he in turn hastily hid in the same way. With lightning rapidity, they went through every part of the desk. In that same instant Britz felt rather than heard a footstep behind him, and, jerking a glance over his shoulder, saw Sands advancing upon him angrily. With a quick uplift of his hand, the detective stopped the millionaire in his tracks, and then drew him quietly toward the portiere and motioned for him to look through the hole in the leather. Sands bent a little, and then glanced wonderingly into the bedroom. He raised a face of astonished inquiry to Britz. He was answered by another silencing gesture from the sleuth. He looked once more through the hole just in time to see the Hindoo straighten himself from their crouching attitude over the desk and turn toward the window. His hand thrust itself into his coat pocket, he slipped into the opening in the portieres with a single stride, and, leveling an automatic pistol that looked more like a block of steel than anything else, he cried: "Stand up!"

The men did not turn; instead, they leaped for the window, followed by Britz and Sands. Quick as they were, they were not quick enough for the headquarters man. Launching his wiry form as a tiger springs, Britz, pistol in hand, hurled himself between the foremost Indian and the open window and seized him in his strong grasp. Sands, almost as rapid in his movements in spite of his bulk, flung a powerful arm about the throat of the other intruder, and with his other hand closed the window with a crash. Britz and Sands dragged their prisoners to the other side of the room and forced them down upon a couch. Then the sleuth, slipping his pistol back into his pocket, seized the Indian Sands was holding by the throat, and, more as an order than a request, asked the millionaire to bind the captives.

"I think I recognize you, my dear young friends," he said. "You are two of the dark jokers who had fun with me in Central Park and Riverside Drive last evening. I think it's about time for me to return the compliment with a merry little jest of my own." Turning his head to the millionaire, he said again: "If you have any silk handkerchiefs to spare, Mr. Sands, please use them as handkerchiefs. These gentlemen are accustomed to silk, and I would not like to see any of them go to the floor and bleed to death. I suppose if we trusted them up with cotton or hemp, they'd die of mortification."

The detective's sarcasm was lost on Sands until he thought to recount in a few brief words his abduction in the park and the struggle for life that had followed it. It was evident that, in spite of the detective's coyness, he had some feeling on the subject. In fact, his manner toward the now cowering Hindoo was more or less reverent. Sands fell in with the humor of the situation, and in a very few minutes the Easterners were bound with silk handkerchiefs as soft, yet strong, as any scarf they could have produced in the bazaars of Calcutta or Cawnpore. When the task was done, and it was done pretty neatly, Britz relaxed his hold on the half-struggling men's throats and pushed them against the back of the sofa until they half-sat, half-lay there, head to head. Then he stepped back, rested his hands on his hips, and eyed them mockingly.

"You are not very clever," he said, "but anyway, you're a fine-looking body of men. What do you think of yourselves, anyhow? Think you'll cut up my second story game? Or will you content yourselves with the safer occupation of dips? My private advice to you is to try hooch for a while. Cut out the big circuit, and go and get a reputation."

How much of his biting irony, if any, the Orientals understood they did not indicate. They only gazed at him in dumb misery, evidently in ex-

pectation of an ignominious end. They followed Britz with their joint gaze as he paced up and down the room, both pitifully watchful, and manifestly most wholly self-absorbed.

"You saw part of what these chaps were doing, Mr. Sands," said Britz, "but what you saw was only the last of it. I want to tell you the way they went through this room was amazing. I hope you didn't lose many valuables."

Sands, in his slow way, assured the detective that it was not likely the searchers had found anything he would miss very greatly; but the Headquarters man was not satisfied. The mystery of the proceeding, he was inclined to think, did not begin and end with the Orientals. It was possible, of course, they had searched Sands' room simply as a matter of routine in the same way that at the first opportunity they probably would search the home of everyone who might be connected in any way with the Missioner jewel robbery. Yet something stirred uneasily in Britz's mind as he reflected on the possibility that the coming of the Orientals held a deeper significance. What if they had reason to believe they would surely find what they sought in that room? If Sands did not know there was justification for the search, why did he take it so calmly? It did not seem natural for a man to keep his temper so thoroughly. If the millionaire had expressed any indignation he, Britz, would have felt better satisfied. He sides, what was it the Hindoo had taken from Sands' desk? Sands had not seen them take anything, as they were ending their search when he got the first glimpse of them. Britz watched Sands closely to see if the millionaire's eyes would turn anxiously toward that part of his furniture. He almost started when the first move Sands made, after finishing his task of binding the prisoners, was to saunter with a careless air across the room and, in passing, glance swiftly and questioningly into the pigeonholes whence the thieves had abstracted the mysterious articles that so actively engaged Britz's always active curiosity.

"It's about up to us to do a little searching now, isn't it?" asked Britz. "These bright young men have had their fun, and I believe it's our turn at it. What do you say, Mr. Sands?"

Sands said nothing. He nodded his head in assent, however, and began a search of the Oriental's fully as exhaustive as that they had performed on the room. Before he had gone far into his quest, Sands volunteered assistance, and each explored the folds of the Hindoo's raiment with the clumsiness that might be expected of men not accustomed to that sort of work.

Britz, working more swiftly than the millionaire, made his first find. It was a sheet of notepaper of fashionable size and tint, on which had been written a few lines in a feminine hand. Britz had not the slightest compunction of conscience about reading it. Chivalry was all very well in its way, but it played no part in detective work, especially when the lady most concerned was not present to make a protest. He moved to the center of the room, and in the light of a cluster of incandescent lamps read aloud to Sands the following enigmatical missive:

"Curtis Dear: When are you coming up to the hotel? If you do not come or send me a check quickly, I shall have to sell some of the jewels. 'MILLENCE'."

That was all. Whether that "all" was much or little, Britz, of course, was not prepared to say. The use of Griswold's given name at the beginning of the note apparently meant a good deal. But who was Millicent? In the course of his probing of the Missioner diamond mystery, Britz had canvassed the complete visiting list of everyone who was in the opera box on the night when the faculty of the Maharajah diamond was discovered. He had had compiled a social register of everyone interested in the case—everyone that



Half-Sat, Half-Lay There.

Mrs. Missioner, Sands, Griswold, Miss Holcomb, Miss March, and the Swand knew. In all that long roster there was no one named "Millicent." Neither, that matter, was there a "Mildred." There the signature was, too clear to admit of any mistake. The writing was excellent, and while it did not go to the extreme of the current fashion in cigraphy, it was what Britz called in his vivid vernacular "classy."

"Ever seen that fat before?" asked the detective as he handed the note to Sands.

The millionaire shook his head. While it was true, Britz reflected, that the big man was known as "Silent" Sands in Wall Street society, he was certainly more economical of words than anyone he had ever known in his life. Aloud, he continued:

"Are you sure you have never seen any writing at all like that before?"

Another shake of the head was Sands' only concession to the detective's right to question him. He gave the note back to the Headquarters man, who returned to the circle of light under the incandescent lamp and studied it again. Meanwhile, Sands went on with his search of the second Oriental. He was not as clever in his movements as Britz, and when

he tried to conceal something, he signally failed. For the detective, though his eyes seemingly were fastened on the note addressed to Griswold, saw the millionaire take something out of the Oriental's tunic and then slip it into his waistcoat pocket.

"Something else, eh?" asked Britz. Sands nodded.

"Mind letting me see what it is?" Sands shook his head slowly, decisively.

"What's the objection?"

"It is not anything that can possibly interest you," returned the millionaire.

"How do you know that, Mr. Sands?" asked the detective.

"I do know it," said Sands emphatically.

"Well, I don't know about that," Britz returned. "I think I'm the best judge of what interests me; and, as I have played a pretty active part in this little incident, it seems to me the least you can do is to gratify my curiosity."

"Well, I will not," was Sands' defiant answer. "And while we are on the subject, Lieutenant Britz, let me say I should like to understand the purpose of your visit to my rooms."

"Oh, you would, would you?" snapped Britz.

"I certainly should," Sands replied. "I come home to find you peeping through a hole in my portiere, and two Easterners, with whom apparently you have had nothing to do, going through my desk and other belongings. I rather think I am entitled to know the why and the wherefore."

"I rather think you are, Mr. Sands," said Britz, and I don't mind telling you I came here to see you privately, and arrived just in time to see these gentlemen drop to that fire escape and come in by that window. After that I had the pleasure of witnessing the dexterity with which they ransacked your chiffonier, your desk, your bedside table, your bed, your chairs, your rug, and everything else in the room. Maybe you will explain to me the reason they have such a deep interest in your housekeeping arrangements?"

"Maybe you will do a little more explaining, Lieutenant Britz," said the millionaire. "You will observe that when I said these fellows had no connection with you, I qualified the assertion."

"Oh, that was very good of you," said Britz.

Sands continued:

"I should like to know right now and now just how far this qualification extends."

"Well, Mr. Sands," answered the detective as he relighted his cigar and disposed himself in the most comfortable attitude in the chair beside the desk, "there are a good many things we may like to explain."

"You are, for instance, to know how your visiting card came to be in the possession of a man who is an inmate of the State Hospital for the Insane on Ward Island?"

If Britz expected to startle Sands into any physical expression of guilt, he was disappointed. The millionaire's muscles were as inflexible as his determination not to satisfy the detective's inquisitiveness in regard to that which he had taken from the Hindoo.

"You are in a mood for riddles, Lieutenant," said Sands slowly. "Now you see, I am not. My time is too valuable."

"Well, what are you going to do about these fellows?" asked Britz.

"Oh, don't you bother about them," said Sands. "I guess I can take care of them."

"I guess you'll guess again," said Britz, "for it isn't likely going to take care of these gentlemen, behold in me the only original little caretaker."

Britz turned to the Hindoo.

"Now, then, you dusky beauty, suppose you come along with me."

"Going to carry them?" asked Sands.

Britz blushed, yes, Britz fairly and squarely blushed. In his momentary exasperation at the millionaire's staidness he had forgotten that not only the hands, but also the feet of the Orientals were bound. However, he was not to be disconcerted, and it was with sufficient readiness that he replied:

"You don't suppose I take my prisoners through the streets like a member of the Traffic Squad, do you? Where's your telephone?"

Sands indicated the instrument and Britz took it up and called for Sgt. Spring.

"Headquarters?" he asked over the wire. "Yes, this is Britz. Have a wagon sent from the West Thirtieth Street Station to the St. Barnabas Apartment house. No, don't send the receiver; just send a couple of men. Good-by."

As he rang off, he turned and faced his host.

"Mr. Sands," said he, "there are one or two points about which I would like to talk to you this evening. I came to you frankly and directly because I found one of your cards in the possession of a man who, while mentally unbalanced, knows something about the fate of the Maharajah diamond. After serving here, I had the opportunity to serve you in the way of protecting your property. And I wanted no time in meeting with you. You see fit to ignore my efforts in that direction, although I may say that if it had not been for me these second-story specialists would have been up or down the fire escape and many blocks away long before you could have caught them. I do not mind telling you, Mr. Sands, that even though you were a member of the National Association of Burglars and Robbers, you are not as clever as I am."

men. And now, when you find something on one of these men that you or may not be of interest to me, instead of letting me see it, or telling me its contents—I'd take your word for it—you stuff it into your pocket and tell me to go to blazes. Moreover, when I ask you what disposition you want made of these burglars, you almost tell me it's none of my business."

Britz rocked on his heels and thrust his hands into his pockets with force that was eloquent of his displeasure to anybody who knew him well.

"Now, let me tell you, Mr. Sands," he went on, "that it is my business what becomes of these prisoners. They are going to the Tenderloin Police Station, and a charge of burglary is going to be entered on the blotter against them."

"I am not going to prosecute them," said Sands.

"Oh, you're not, aren't you? Well, I think you will," returned Britz. "Anyway, if you don't feel like prosecuting them, I'll do it myself. This case is not in your hands now; it belongs to the people of the State of New York, and if you don't choose to appear as complainant, I'll call you as a witness for the State. So, Mr. Sands, if you are not hopelessly addicted to cigars or cigarettes to the exclusion of all other forms of the weed, permit me to suggest that when we have left you alone, you retire to the remote background of your apartment, put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Sands became genuinely angry. It took a good deal to disturb his equanimity, but the detective's manner, as he saw it, was offensive. Sands seriously meditated for an instant an attempt to grasp the Headquarters man by the collar, rush him to the door, and drop him down at least one flight of stairs. The sleuth's coolness and courage avoided any unpleasantness of that sort, and his unwillingness quickly regained his grip upon himself.

The tension of the situation was relaxed by the buzzing of the electric bell at the outer door of the apartment, and the entrance of a somewhat blustering bellboy with an announcement that a patrol wagon was at the door and two policemen were asking for Detective Britz of Headquarters, who was visiting Mr. Sands.

"Bring them up," said Britz, wasting no further time on courtesy. Then he turned to the millionaire and said: "I wouldn't have brought the patrol wagon here, Mr. Sands, if you had been a little more considerate. A couple of plain-clothes men could have taken these fellows to the police station easily enough; but, when a man, through a rush of emotion to the brain, or—for some other reason—makes faces at the law as openly as you have done, why, let the law take its course, I say."

Sands maintained a dignified silence as a pair of bluecoats, stumbling over a bearskin rug in the library, came into the suite, and at a sign from Britz, seized the shrinking Orientals. One by one the prisoners were lifted, neck and heels, and taken to the patrol wagon. Britz, of course, could have had the bandages about their feet removed, for it would have been perfectly safe to let those sturdy policemen escort them to the sidewalk in the ordinary way; but Britz was only human. The memory of the grip in which those very men had held him in the ride along Riverside Drive, of the smothering solitude of the desolate apartment house, and the struggle which had followed, came to him in the moment when he was on the point of ordering the unfettering of the captives. With a grin that struck terror to their clinging Eastern souls, he said to them:

"You two artists are so fond of silk that I guess I'll let you wear those ornaments a little while longer."

When the Hindoo were gone, Britz turned to Sands, and said with emphasis:

"If you experience a change of heart, Mr. Sands, I shall be very glad to hear from you in regard to what you found on your dark friend. Of course, since you are in your own rooms, and since the article was evidently stolen in this place by the fellow, I cannot compel you, without a great deal of trouble, to let me see it. It is not at all certain it would be worth my while to take that trouble; but it may dawn upon you before very long that it will be well worth your while, Mr. Sands, not only to let me see the thing, but to tell me everything you know about it. Good night, Mr. Sands."

And there was something ominous in the military click of the detective's heels as he walked across the echoing marmery to the elevator.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE NEWSPAPER CABINET.

In the afternoon on one of those sweltering hot days, the president announced to the cabinet form, mopping perspiration from his brow with two handkerchiefs. About the table stood thirty newspaper men ready for the meeting of the "Newspaper Cabinet" at 5:30 p. m. on Tuesday. The chief set down languidly, indicating that he had had a hard day of it. He put down the handkerchief on the table and waved the other while talking to the newspaper men, some of whom were comfortable in the seats of the "military" the very chairs used by members of the cabinet. The valley of questions began with the democratic simplicity of a corner grocery chat.

On the table were American Beauty roses, and the newspaper boys after a little sniffed them and fired questions at the president. Over the president's head a picture of Lincoln on the divan at the side of the cabinet table the tallest newspaper men with their knees in the air, were trying to "look wise" and dignified, because there were correspondents from the London newspapers to be presented. These English journalists could scarcely comprehend the simplicity of republican intercourse between subject and ruler. Without form or formality, here was the president of a great nation talking over public policies with newspaper men, without the slightest pretense of official reserve or ceremony. The president's jovial smile rather broke the force of the emphatic gesture with which he struck the table when someone insisted on the necessity of a regular educational campaign on Canadian reciprocity.

The newspaper men seem to cover the United States with a fine-tooth comb. From "Affairs at Washington" by Joe Mitchell Chapter in the National Magazine for August.

NO ALLEVIATION.

Senator Bankhead, in a recent address in Fayette, Ala., said of a bill he declined:

"It seems to offer you some redress and satisfaction; but consider it closely and you'll find that it gives you nothing at all. It is like the remark of the waitress in the cheap boarding house."

"Stanley, a boarder protested to her, 'this room here is overdone.'"

"No, it ain't, son," she replied; "it's done over. It's the same room you had yesterday."—Los Angeles Times.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

BY EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD

insufferable season of the sun. When will your endless reign of fire be done?

When armies with unconquerable stings; When will they flee for what do they have wings; How long before brave Autumn with a about Will succor me and put them all to rout?

—Oliver Herford.

MENU, SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Cantaloupes, Broiled Salt Mackerel, Rice Cakes, Coffee.

DINNER.

Blackberry Soup, Cold Lamb in Aspic, Creamed Potatoes, Tomato Salad, Cheese Straws, Peach Ice Cream, Silver Cake, Iced Tea.

SUPPER.

Omelette in Chafin Dish, Nasturtium Sandwiches, Blackberries, Chocolate Cake, Iced Cocoa.

In these "insufferable" days, it is up to the housekeeper to mitigate discomforts for her family, but at the same time to save her own strength in every way possible. A tired and worn mother is about the most depressing thing the house can hold. Now in the matter of breakfast alone. No one family's methods can be the standard for another's. In one home there may be business people who have to get off early in the morning, and therefore require the morning's sleep in one home there are adults, each with definite ideas as to what they wish for the morning meal and in another children, whose special needs are to be considered for them. There are old people in a third family and invalids in a fourth, so that it is not wise to lay down any hard and fast laws about the time or constituents of breakfast. This much is certain, however, that everywhere breakfasts are lighter than they used to be. In many homes coffee and rolls or toast seem to fill the breakfast bill, but as a general rule this would seem to be insufficient for workers. In one home where there are paying guests the mistress of the house solves the problem of saving time and energy by sending each one up on a tray at the hour designated by the individual to be served. The menu may include fruit, a freshly cooked cereal, or one of the already prepared breakfast foods, rolls or toast, egg boiled to suit, tea, cocoa or coffee. This method has been found most satisfactory by hostesses and has enabled her to get along with much less service than she would otherwise be forced to have. A Japanese boy in this way is able to keep the house in order and do all the waiting on the guests, the owner simply cooking the breakfast. In this instance breakfast is the only meal served in the house. In many homes, the tablecloth appears only at dinner, breakfast and luncheon being served on the bare tables, with dishes or runners which are so much easier to launder.

In a home where there are three women librarians, and a school girl, the first down puts the coffee, made by the cold water process, over the fire, and the cereal tone of the prepared in the oven. As each in turn comes down, she takes her own toast or heated rice, pours her coffee and cooks herself an egg if desired. Each one washes up her own dishes and the last one served attends to the washing of the coffee pot and final clearing up.

Personally I have the old-fashioned family breakfast where all gather at the same time about the table, each with the "sustaining" morning face, and grace before meals. This seems to set the keynote for the day so sweet and true that nothing can spoil its harmony.

Among the breakfast dishes that we have found especially nice at this season, as well as easy to prepare are the following:

BROILED SALT MACKEREL.

Take the fish from the brine and wash it thoroughly. Put to soak over night in cold water, taking care to soak it with the skin side down. About ten minutes before breakfast, drain from water, lay skin side up, broil under the gas flame attending to the fish side of the fish first, as the skin side sears easily and needs but a moment or two to brown. Put on a heated platter, pepper lightly, garnish with a little parsley and cut before and serve with creamed fish potatoes, fried sweet potatoes, baked or boiled new potatoes, either of which will well suit mackerel.

If you care to have potatoes at all for breakfast, in a lovely Hudson river home a little bowl of crisp sliced cucumbers from the home garden always goes to the table on a hot summer's morning, as an accompaniment for fish or omelette.

RICE CAKES.

Mix one cupful cold boiled rice with the well beaten yolks of two eggs, and half a pint of milk and two heaping tablespoons of flour sifted with a half teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the whites of the stiff froth, and the rice mixture slowly to the whites, while beating constantly, and with a tablespoonful turn portions on to a hot well greased griddle. Bake a light brown on both sides and serve with marmalade, honey, maple syrup or jelly. If the batter seems too thick add a little more milk.

ORANGE OMELET.

Allow one egg, one tablespoonful orange juice, and a scant teaspoonful powdered sugar to each person. Beat the yolks, add sugar and juice, a few grains of salt and a little grated orange rind. Beat the whites stiff and fold in. Have ready a hot, well buttered omelet pan, turn in the batter and cook carefully until lightly browned underneath. As soon as puffed, set the pan in the oven to finish cooking. When firm in the center, invert on to a hot platter and, if liked, rather sweet, cover with powdered sugar. For moist tastes a small quantity of sugar suffices.

EGGS BAKED IN TOMATOES.

Select round medium sized tomatoes, cut a thin slice from the top of each and scoop out enough of the pulp to leave a space large enough for an egg. Season the cavities with salt and pepper, and drop an egg into each. Cover the bottom of the baking pan with hot water or butter, put the tomato in and bake about 12 minutes. Season with butter and serve on toast garnished with parsley.

LOG CABBAGE TOAST.

Cut long narrow strips of bread very thin, and toast a delicate brown. Butter lightly, pile on a hot plate log cabin fashion, and serve with English breakfast tea.

BOILED WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST.

Wash a quart of sound good wheat and soak 12 hours with water to cover. Drain, cover with hot water and cook gently for four hours in a double boiler or over night in the fireless cooker, first seasoning with salt. When ready to serve heat a pint of the boiled wheat with a half cupful rich milk or cream.

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES.

Cut firm green tomatoes in rather thick slices, and soak in cold salt water for half an hour. Dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in flour or cornmeal, and fry in hot butter or good pork drippings.

GRILLED TOMATOES.

Wipe large firm tomatoes free from blemish, and cut crosswise. Lay on a well-greased rack, skin side down, and broil until tender. Turn, add a bit of butter with salt and pepper to season and broil lightly. Serve on slices of buttered toast.

EGGPLANT CROQUETTES.

Use for this any eggplant left over from the preceding meal. Add to the mashed pulp an equal quantity fresh sweet corn ground from the cob. To each pint of the mixture allow one egg white and yolk beaten separately, a salt spoonful salt, a dash of pepper, a half cup of bread crumbs, and a scant tablespoonful of sweet cream. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Drop by the tablespoonful in boiling hot olive oil or other frying fat and cook a golden brown. Serve with watercress and slices of lemon.

SWEET PEPPERS FRIED WITH PARSLEY.

These make an appetizing breakfast dish and are not difficult to